

i may just
fuck around
and go ahead
and jazz up
the syntax

one of those books
he was 21
wildly popular, a bestseller
a movement, a manual
a holy calling, a prerequisite

the book sold more than a million copies

built on a promise
there more be a formula

a legacy of youthful certainty
a purity culture code

a new attitude against low expectations
an immediate sensation

true love waits as
a crazy backwards performance

an independent investigation

shame, disillusionment,
dysfunction, divorce

is the biggest thing i've ever done
a huge mistake?

its own particular mystery
its own significant changes

a complicated endeavor with
no magic formula

a low commitment good time
an occasional time waster

a text only fantasy

i've done it myself
just walked into what not to do
- to me, at least

the future is really clear
and there is no better way
to proceed

yes, you did a wrong thing,
letter writer

there's nothing to congratulate you on
the best you could hope for is an absence of harm
definitely finally

... writing poems in shower in... it's own quiet way - like
what am i doing -

... with my time -----

i'm reading and uh,

responding...

i'm just thinking

in the interest of self-correcting

(i hate multitasking)

i drink two beers and then -

then - i have coffee

"i am married to my work,"

i think

while i ignore the dog

by nature, i'm tired

but built for sin

well -

well -

well -

you are a rotisserie chicken,
i tell you -

you
glisten golden and
sweat delicious tender

you
nude on the beach
and
i think of food instead

i should have told you what i was working on

it's another love poem!
for you and only you
again -

i wrote it for you while
i was at work

the dog ate a flower
you called it a petunia
you looked at the dog
and called her petunia
and now you're both
petunia to me

(now here's the thing)

my life garden has been stomped on
and not much else grows
but i have a few petunias
i water and feed and
they seem to be happy
where they are

i have a lot of friends
they think either poems are
too long
or too short or -
why do you even do this thing?

what if someone spiked my drink
when i went to the washroom?

my poems are casual -
like, lay beside someone you know and love and -

you just stop thinking

it's - you know -
my poems

they are like
watching the office on netflix
again and again and again

erotica:

evolutionary human desires
beyond my technical capability

to be elite and joyless
spontaneously lifting your shirt

celery, pineapple = significance
blossoms in a closed institution

i'm not too proud to take a pill for it

2257 compliance
my dreams aren't sexy
i don't think they should be

should they be?

the underlying notion to perform
like you're being watched

provided that my mood doesn't swing sour
and i've shaved in the morning

google what you've always wanted
universally distributed desire

my venezuela
as something sublime

it is a grey day
you are reading out loud in a grey hat

you took your coat off
and stood in the rain
you always crazy like that

we are so self-absorbed
i told you that

a cortado
a class issue

this morning
your eggs over easy

everything must go
liquidation sale

cleaning solvents
forever summer in
the used book store

half-love-letter

this, a tool
to serve your needs

i would prefer to die in a traditional way

they had to study latin
they had to study greek

i can't believe it

it's a miracle

i can rarely express myself in my own words

moving on

every film needs a filmmaker
a prayer, a desperation

your name becomes synonymous
with natural disaster

formal requests aside
i can relate to this

the letter 'd' in greek

we talk of our bubble
our ecosystem
like it's a bad thing

who invited the animals
to make an appearance
at the end of your poem

it just happened like that
i suppose

it doesn't involve you
anyway

i mop floors lazily
but i do it every day

i wash dishes like i'm still mad
about 9/11

we want things to work out
in the end

whispered coda
to me

i don't think i can resume
this american life

a biological need
beyond the city

even past the florist
that sells lillies
destined to die
in a day
but still you buy them

i congratulate myself
and celebrate by
reheating a coffee

still, i don't tend to
finish much work these days

i ready books i should have never bought
i never should have bought and
i especially shouldn't have read

i fake insurance papers because -
why not?
because i can?

can i write about moving?
new brunswick?
jail?

how could you leave me
when i needed to

side effects of phenibut include
nausea, irritability, dizziness, headaches,
and others

i've come home, i'm so cold

i calculate my time by
minimum wage detail

i will not write a preface

it's natural

apparently descriptive statements
reveal circumstance
through mistakes

either, or else

“ambition”
being a synonym for
“not good yet”

i must not be joking

for example

i must not be writing a poem

outward, or visible

my spiritual assumption
of a spiritual shackle

promising, or merely
a matter of uttering words

our word is our bond
your word, i bet
i do
a commitment to fact

our work is our bond

consider
you will remember

heaven help us
say something
do something
i assume
worth considering
no doubt

i am drawing your attention
to something else
true or false

a characteristic mark of
certain people in certain circumstances

which bring out the
void without effect

a letter number letter sequence
an incomplete classification

-

god in lowercase
me, the cat on your lap
or dog

dog being italicized

after established victory
and defeat
and exhilarated

in habit
we turn back to kissing

it's just a sunshower
it's just a bit of rain

in a white dress

in a white room
with black curtains

the dog just barks

the dog eats books if you
leave her alone for too long

in a white room
the dog just barks

i'm with you in a one-bedroom apartment
where we hug and kiss the puppy
under our bedsheets

the united states of the dog
that barks all night
and wont let us sleep

people get weed giggly
marijuana giggly
over ice cream

you prepay your credit card
and you need more \$\$\$
for books

that's why

someone is mastering
a .wav from an .mp3
and back again

i value my alone time
this is why i cannot meet you
for coffee

the sports star's house is
white, clean -
all reflective surfaces
they are never home, right?
i assume the hired help
keep it this way?

saddam
hung in low quality video

where is my bin laden cell phone video
huh?

must read 50 pages a day
in this book i don't want to read
but write a book about regardless

infra-red
ultra-violet

this,
being inherited from the
novelistic tradition

first, common sense
next, experience

bright in vision
if we carry out
certain operations properly

non-essential
sentences and words
spoken in my voice or
written on a screen

“the frightful laugh of the idiot”

the public enemy
the public, enemy

let us begin at the beginning

aristotle's definition of the rationality of the poem -
ideal causality

ok - if we start here -
we can easily say that things change
no - things stay the same, but the circumstances change

there is no longer any measurement,
anything in common

are you thinking
rage against the machine
blood, banks,
dr. martin luther king

a man dying of hunger
demands justice

you gotta sell out eventually
all black paintings
sell quicker

god, i want to prosper

to provide,
to be precise

how to rework
the work
and make it work
for once

am i just a love song
in the age of subject hopping?

am i more suited
to an art gallery?

how do i focus
on work
that contains anything
that contains everything
?

records, books, paper,
staying indoors in the sunshine

paralyzed
by culture in general
by nihilism in particular

terrible black and white

“i’m so sweaty, hug me”

me, i’m good at waiting for you

i fixed history
one personal history
so mired in dissolution
and exaggeration that
i, that - i,
i hate hearing people’s stories

you, the great illusion

kidnapped,
held at gunpoint,
hacked,
escaped via motorcycle,
robbed,
lost a passport,
assumed a different identity,
smuggled in a cargo ship

establishing a mythos for
some future partner
to fawn over

the point being -

it being too hot
so the dog barks
and she whines
and i sleep on the couch
or try to, at least,
with her on my knees
feeling safe

she is probably barking right now -

me, being away from home
her, unaware i'll be back soon

i clean dust from the ac unit
i should clean the floor
i washed the dishes
with the dog at my feet

i am not sure what direction
this work is taking

it's not up to me, i suppose
i couldn't imagine being positive

mystery,
as developed by mallarme,
as adopted by godard

originally, they both whispered

am i being overly political
or absentmindedly contemptuous

i point and feel unable to adjust
i am the same as yesterday, and you?

adapting a laid-back lifestyle
indifferent, but - no, not falling back
into the problematic drinking and drugging
to - "kill time"
no, this is less -
hmm, uhhh -
disconnected

"too many words"
repeated
"too many words"

i do not intend to respond to this claim

i do not need to
paint or write graffiti
or take photographs or make blogposts
at this current time

i fall asleep early
i fall asleep while you watch the office

i, i - i do not know
why you are so angry all of the time

why are you yelling,
i'm sure the whole building can hear you

everything bragging in this myth
i don't have any interest in

there is nothing visible and true
i'm feeling discouraged
i am talking too much

poems become increasingly rare
shorter, even

something dry,
refreshing

viognier, maybe

i'm not sick of reading or writing
i'm just bored or distracted, maybe

distracted -
i check the time again and
i'm distracted

on the other hand,
i'm learning how to be dry-eyed
in the real world

you, distributed over the greek landscape

we dance after a few drinks
you lay in bed and sweat

my goodness,
we spend a lot of money doing nothing
we spend a lot of money and i'm always surprised

we pay in cash and disregard receipts
we did two things and spent \$200

at what point did i become
afraid of the grocery store?

am i just lazy?
no, i know it's just a waste of money
i don't like cooking

i should wake up two hours earlier every day

i haven't been sleeping because of the dog
the dog barks to pee at 6:50am every day

that's fine,
i usually have to pee around then, too

what do you mean your credit card is maxed out!
you haven't done anything!

i order food for pickup
schnitzel sandwich
no grabiche (it's gross)

the same thing every week

you're not matching my energy
you're not being nice to me

you beat the rain,
the thunderstorm

it's raining, but i suppose
it's not raining-raining

is it your nose ring that smells
or the hole itself?

dead skin cells, sweat,
sebum, it's the sebum
(oily secretion something)

someone is screaming
something something
watch and fucking learn,
you fucking -
oh, you're going to get it

let's commit a crime
as a bonding exercise
something petty

let's do something fucking illegal
in this sunshine
the city's so famous for

i will never be a famous poet
because i don't romanticize the landscape

i will never be a famous poet
because i am not friendly

an-envelope-of-money
as-a-way-of-life

who will be my fate?

up and down
on holy books and graves

infinite space
for bad dreams

i'd be a mouse
or a cat

as variable as it is missing
not cleaning but considering

never answered seriously

(when it comes to being true,
at least true to me)

two turntables
too expensive
2 realize it

but you're
all toast
no bread

tonight
i'll be home before
the streetlights turn on

defaulting on washed-out

destroying pleasures by naming them
sign/signifier

consider the premise
folders titled 'footnotes'
and in interviews, confessing
"she dreamt she was alone in an empty field"

paradise,
something similar

whatever

who needed
“the invention of morel”

was it marker?

herzog had his “peregrine,”
that i remember

afraid of mirrors - still
we speak with intimacy

trip-hop, terracotta, tourists
things i need to fix

no locks work
or they are weak, at least

just talking books
sunset nervous

the word “eternally”
is no exaggeration

the world
a better place

there, you see

the repetition of activity
maintaining it's attributes forever
not an optical illusion

a nose bleed written in a story,
but not in reality

i exist to
charge my phone
eat expensive meals
and be horny at inconvenient times

let me sweeten this fantasy by reminding you
i'm writing in public
and i don't carry a backpack

the rain came and greyed the sky
and went away again

the rain turned to steam on mid-july pavement

you are preparing salad at the sink
making a mess for me to clean

i read of you
in rilke

an apocalyptic breakdown
of you
before you were you
to me

some security, please!
stop vandalizing my dreams!

i read your name on a wall
forgetting it was me that wrote it
true blue montreal
me and you

dry humping
zero dark sexy

the word “sex” means less

yves klein blue
eyes pantone primary

for a few moments
everything is empty

all maxims dropped between
due black and bruise

oh, he's just airing out his suicide lines
the rehearsed ones
i don't feel good
avoiding touch, flinching
i'm just, uh, lol
crushed by sunlight
if i died, i wouldn't be worried about
writing or painting
lol
climate change
i can't recall how cold it was last winter
or warm
lol
right
i don't care

let's get this bandage off quick

all capital letters
if it kills me

your name means oblivion
in a forgotten language

multivitamins to fix my mood, everything
taken seriously
seriously do noting anyways

in unnatural focus

all the time you're obvious

steadily more fantastic
marked by rapid shifts

the whole thing
without being crushed

i went to sleep
productive in myth
and bad dreams

paperback herbal remedies

everything matching up so fast
you could hardly speak

someone baking cookies
someone barely reading

locking into situations
corrected
feelings run away

a permanent job
automatic reflex
fighting
dark at 5:15

subtle misunderstanding
until surrender

stop the car
delusion

acquired new emptiness
stumbling out of biography

passionate details
and endurance
before coffee

once going, you couldn't stop me
this whole miserable story

you're being dramatic
it's really you, isn't it

in spite of our difference

readily available to become addicted to
vice, surveyed in retrospect

(this, a study in clickbait)

it was late, i bought us drinks
a single piece of the puzzle
plus 20% tip

collecting, collecting, collecting

appointed to focus
word of mouth is
what we are looking for

this and that and we learn really fast

the work is flavored from last night

i can move all the furniture
by myself

i'm sick of weddings, caterings,
unloading jeeps,
ordering paper

i wanted to die
documenting a war zone

collecting, hoarding

an entire, room by room, list of my things

no peace in my presence

me, an introduction

me, a starter pack

it's been hard work

they say

searching the ruins

what i could get for nothing

is what i need

withdrawing into

headaches, naps,

books, magazines,

the cocktail hour

passing fancy

to putter, to poke around

it, decisive

it, love in all it's facets

all my words for working

dehydrated staring

coping mechanisms vary

i purchase, i participate

studious habits to fall back on

and attack

surface, depth

weak tea

if i can have your attention,
your quiet beauty

miss calvin klein
miss hocus pocus

overeducated dulling
experimental me

no hairbrush
show and tell and declutter
admiration, love
all my stuff

rags to riches
not poor, i mean
but savings poor
life rich
rich in spirit
i quit

remarkably good
at not working
or withholding key details
such as
“my art is complete”

i write in the first person plural

goodbye,
i'm expensive in finer fiction

nothing if not public
rehearsed blow by blow

by collecting vast quantities of information
i can target you with precision

click bait but in real life

obsessive endless nowhere archive

people who break things
nothing particularly tragic

i keep my distance from empty rhetoric
pursued and beat to death

ronde infinie des obstines
the unending dance of the stubborn

great literature serves some great purpose
as if

except those that resemble me
more interested in the ritual than the content
you know i keep you in my pocket

who's streets?
our streets!

trespassing!

romantic, in a may 68 sort of way

dovercourt meeting place
dovercourt vicarious myth

here
everyone is yelling
“where the fuck is my money”
7am important thing morning

the sun goes up,
we go missing

the anxiety that wakes you
and puts me back to sleep

amnesty me
i have had enough

don't folklore me
in three-plus-two rhythm

too soon to tear down the barricades

je suis new yorker
je suis paris review
je suis art forum
as long as we keep arguing

an immediate schedule
known by heart

one sings, the other doesn't

making sense only out of context
repaving the ground with good intentions

cliche, in french,
meaning photograph

documentary techniques
blending truth and fiction
and pointing it out

me, the audience
me, my real name
me, sweating renaissance

naturally good
je n'y arrive pas

a tragedy, my love
of destination

i will be reporting
from my desk

a drone shot:
meeting my gaze head on

a tragedy,
i'm eager to see

me, without the slightest indifference
me, suppressing awareness

fact seeking
accidental death
altogether too much space

gramsci in prison
de sade in prison
wilde in prison
and the rest

backpack, cash
love goes to press

daily life,
but not everyone's daily life

you couldn't be careful all the time

this happened,
that happened,
this always happens to me this way

drunk accident optimistic
resisting biography

the south of france,
a lover present

a finicky voice speaks,
"eventually love shoots you in the head"

when did i become worried
life, being hard, mostly
when and how i will go

no york to run away to
so i walked

suggesting my ambition is
a death sentence

english as a second language
in a non-fun way

wish you were here
a master's degree
in psychology
or counseling

passing out to slow music

new career
255th dream

searching for my other half
who left the bed before noon
wanting me to stay asleep

fuck this mint tea
everything i do seems to hurt me

fruit in the morning
survival instincts of a nectarine

everything fake plant scenery
devoted prayer singing

visible trance
constellation gemini by night

red, rouge
me, you
isn't that love?

me, a little bit beuys
riding my bike too fast
avoiding blue coats
xerox noise
acid free archival
subliminally enhanced
macbook majesty

you, a yard sale
defining "choice"
answered with a band-aid
no business card
but taking care of it
en route to naropa pilates

made in america
discipline in any sequence

avoiding the passive voice
manuscript never enough

and again,

holy mountain semicolon
what would i look like
waiting
less than enthusiastic
destructive casualness

according to ability
according to need
born in january
born in may

classification:
you help me to exist as
a dependent clause
better end to my story

on stupid vacation
i forgot my toothbrush
my teeth hurt

i wanted a coffee
but i settled for beer
and seventeen dollar eggs

our plans are concrete

a sweater gets stuffed into the front of one's jeans
and sticks out the back
they call that the 'tennessee tuck'

they call it that

too fancy, too clean

close to the mainstream
who could be certain?

do i cut my hair because it's fall
i mean, whatever

a spiritual retreat
a journey towards healing

i like you in that jacket, zipped up to the collar
faux-fur salut ca va

drive safe, a mother could be in this car

i wanted to find a spot, you know
for both of us
under this blanket
vraiment
i don't ca-a-re

i'm not moving here
i changed my mind

all clerical error

but the sun shines so nicely,
merci

no change, superb
it's busy, i'm smiling
standards are down

call me by your ex's name
- the last three, at least

"literally,"
meaning
"figuratively"

hood up,
15 degrees colder than i'm used to

discussing the weather, boring
all noses point down
absorbing wind at the bridge

you're too hard on ourselves

"work,"
"crime"

creative problem solving

i'm telling you,
i'm fucking serene

arugula simple interest

art criticism
the second drink, solved

interrupted by a ring tone,
a sour voice insists it set to silent

fuck it, let's go to urban outfitters

i need an escape

maybe i will fake an accent
barricade myself indoors
argue my name
through emails

basic house maintenance
watering plants
and learning quiet
like most

and quitting smoking

i'm stinky, same clothes
six days and waiting

why am i complaining
on vacation

variations on a theme

withdrawing into research
unfinished focus

like most adventures i've had

you speaking greek in your sleep

i don't black coffee dream
somehow keep thinking

i packed your bag
you call us a cab
what time is it
time to go

for immediate use
lapsing at syllable's end
early morning
distinguishing
an annual disappointment
as i live and breathe

after all
something must be done
about your poise

knock on wood

sunglasses and traffic
the heat's on
and the hot water
stays hot

patience

against all odds
and discretion

not exactly a twist of lemon

pitch fatigue

i've been trying
it must be the language barrier

new yorker at the cosmetic counter
they guess
i definitely said yes

no glasses help eyes dry
why my anxiety lately

someone states
“sometimes domestic terrorism is necessary”
and is greeted unenthusiastically

i persist
singing songs of civil war
that don't belong to me

“it's us versus them”
or rather
“it's them versus them”

an oversight

pronouncing words without speaking
in your head, i mean

the worst kind of
analytical self
chronicling

parallel passions

not sentimental
laughing, feeling nothing

notes, folds, underlines

systems of intimacy

counterintuitive
really, a labor of love

remaining helpless
waiting for hummus

notepads, cameras
unfortunately
ruining the story

sugar in your cappuccino
october 4th

not rent paid but patio eating

“you work hard”
but i don’t think about it

i mean, the work

i fail long-term existing

these days, i’m an answering machine:
i’m not here, i’ll get back to you soon

my essay didn't start
with a fantastic opening sentence

what accurate information do i need?
october 11th

my life has become altogether too recreational
very different from where i was

- 10 years ago

- 2 years ago

maybe, victim complex but hey, i'm trying

"i'm too old to change"
a bitter end for a well-beaten horse

thus, proving my thesis

am i working linear
or past tense

temporal clues
clouding pleasure

cheque, please

transcribe this and
atomize me

repeatedly visiting
ground zero

this tendency to obsess
on never getting better

undiagnosed mental illness
because hey,
who wants to know why they're fucked

then i would have to make strides
to fix it

a whole
landscape
of experience

there is nothing i can't google

obsessive cataloging
it doesn't matter what you have
as long as you have a lot of it

objet trouve

put it on a grid please
fine, whatever

right click -> view source

club soda no show
uncomfortable with vomit

save as copy

various index system
the library of babel

comma, comma, period

information vandalism

paywall, author, punisher

i'm excited for our year of
conventional symmetry

freedom is not something you live down

clap clap
no guts clap
no glory
clap clap

you've got the wrong guy
no, you don't
ok, just checking

too easy

do you see the difference?
no, that's disgusting

i feel out of place
smiling with my teeth

take a woman like you

grown ups
add texture
punching a wall

it's nice to be seen

you create the problem
when you assume these things

i remember thinking
what would i even hide in a secret hiding place?

inconvenient, but important
that's not what it's called
tempura

mutually assured destruction

i'd roll the dice for that

why would you go through someone's phone, though?

perspective, i guess

it's my guggenheim
and this is my process

the ugliest people write the best poetry

wait, i read that wrong

it's not a competition, of course

this is taking
FOREVER

it's almost the witching hour
of metric validation

1-9-8-8

even in death,
a colossal pain in my ass

yeah, right, of course
and everything turned out fine

god, i could be so lucky
if not surprised

an origin story:
registered without choice

rendered in an identical style
it's not your fault

file THAT under future problems

doors slam,
that's how things happen

a raincoat, an umbrella
tell him what he wants to hear

incomplete
as a reference
worth it

i would love to, but i can't

suggesting warmth

i can't tell if i'm functioning

thursdays are long, painful days
for those who work weekends

can you grab me a name brand advil
and an .avi rip of something familiar?

something safe and boring

star charts
and you are?

i shoot, you run

i need throw up but i keep asking for more

evoking an explicit position
where i lie about writing

yeah, totally, if i can

soaked in a very specific virtue

newsflash
this is my most authentic self

CCTV me

amazon package arrow
formal color studies

woah woah woah

save password
effortless

fair use copyright

you know i love you forever
stop me if you think that you've heard this one before

loved loved loved
every page

what kind of message is that

you're right, i'm sorry
coffee?

not for sex
not for art

i'm onto you

memorex suits me just fine

etymology: "loss"

one step further
precisely why

i'm competing for attention

i hate this show
nude pixelated nightmare 9/11
she has a gun

here's a nice dress, i'm spinning
straddling format

you sleep with your phone under your pillow
you, you look greek with your hair unwashed

the future?
no, fuchsia

individual circumstances
pertaining to essence

the pleasure principle

the worst thing she ever did, you know

i didn't know she released a book about it

extinction looms
in the scenario i'm about to describe

a sexual fantasy

can we start over

love is a mystery
a incomplete collection of prose

it's too late for you to tell me
about your favorite movie

no doubt about it
dinner party escape

the work was complete
but quickly abandoned

saying nothing ever
not excited

but worker's hands

whichever case
into place, perfectly

just take it nice and slow
unless it was actually spontaneous

just like in the movies
a verb

well, now daytime
don't even think about it

disappear and don't say goodbye

killing time, they call it

organization
puffy eyes

masculine energy

right now?
right now

not good with directions
well, no, great at identifying landmarks
yeah, like what convenience store you prefer

turn right there

red stop light slow to green

where the tags were
just a hint of paint

buffed but it's been there

de-narration
not a story, but a retelling

mutual warmth
an important turning point

you're trapped
you force yourself to adapt

the face of another
as a bystander

i find myself silent
ordained by a higher power
magnified, like a close up

let's not fight anymore

i hate green tea
nature,
and myself

tora, tiger
tora, prayer
tora, tora, tora

cat, wherever you are,
peace be with you

the end

now the real problems start

someone else's spring
"don't die"

poetry, language, thought

i'm crying from acceptance
knowing i'll never meet another lynx

well, we are on our phones
- then what?

low battery life

